

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

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SCIENCE, CRITICISM, LITERATURE, AND INTELLIGENCE,
CONNECTED WITH THE ART.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1842.

HAVING retrospected the two great musical institutions of the metropolis, the Ancient Concerts and the Philharmonic Society; and having discussed, without prejudice, their respective merits, and offered a very sincere and hopeful opinion of the best means to advance their individual prosperity, and to increase their aggregate of utility to the art, and to the public; we are infinitely gratified to find, by numerous private letters from all classes of music-lovers, that our views and notions on those subjects are pretty generally approved—we might reasonably feel flattered by the commendations of our kind friends, were we not conscious of having intended to be fully as honest, and candid, and impartial, as they have considered us; and had we not long learned and proved, that whatever is born of such intrinsic motives, if it do not carry conviction or conquest, is sure, at least, of awakening some degree of consideration, and thereby pioneering the way for better and more acceptable things—we are very pleasurably complimented by the accordant approbation of our endeavours, which is daily conveyed to us in the least mistakeable way; but we take leave to say, as we proudly feel, that the praise of our integrity and earnestness is no flattery.

This general acknowledgment is due to the many correspondents, above alluded to, whose good words, we trust, will not be found to have been scattered upon an arid soil; and now, having relieved our heart and memory of their grateful courtesy, we will proceed with the redemption of our reminiscent promise.

The institution next in interest, and which ought to assume, perhaps, the highest importance in the country, is the Society of British Musicians; a society which owes its origin to the prejudices and exclusiveness of the Philharmonic, and which gave

the first and most fearful blow to the self-claimed autoocracy of that body in all musical affairs, by proving to the world that there was an indigenous capability for the production of far superior material to that second-rate foreign stuff in which the haughty monopolists had long delighted to traffic, and in throwing open the doors of the same concert-room, with a scarcely inferior executive power, on terms more in accordance with the exigencies and liberal spirit of the times. Alas! that any project so right-minded, so patriotic to the art and the country, so worthy of support and encouragement, and so essentially wanted in England, should ever have flagged in its endeavours, or receded from its once very formidable position, or become enfeebled and somnolent, through any cause whatever. If ever music had a chance, or a fair stimulus in this country, it was at the close of 1834; when the Society of British Musicians, at their cheap concerts, gave notoriety to some half-score unknown composers, whose returned and insulted rolls of music might otherwise have fed the mice and beetles in their scantily provided cupboards, and revealed the artistical perfection of numerous instrumentalists, who might have worn out their patience and their knuckles by knocking at the Hanover Square door till now, but for the triumphant revelation of the secret of their merits to the public, and even to their brother craftsmen, hitherto alike ignorant and sceptical of the existence of any talent which had not been half worn-out in the service of certain conventional high places.

It is lamentable to remember, and to be convinced, that the diminished lustre and usefulness of this interesting society, are attributable to the apparently constitutional failing which we have so frequently sighed over, and which all thinking persons, who love the art, must grieve for and condemn—to that sinful want of unity, and jealous

personal independence, which have their parallel in no other craft, community, or class of society with which we are acquainted. The elders of the profession, who were drawn into the new institution, less from conviction or hope, than through reluctance, that anything important in musical affairs should be undertaken without their participation, affected to lend their countenance to a chivalry in which they had no faith; and, astounded by the early success of their juniors, very speedily shrunk from a position in which they found their individual interests had but little chance, and their personal influence was but little respected. Others, unwilling to forego a few lesson-fees, and devote their hours and experience to the direction and management of the Society, gladly shifted the responsible duty on to the shoulders of the less employed members; while the Society in general, by its votes, committed the great mistake of entrusting the reins of government to the hands of those young men, whose genius and talent had attracted particular attention, but whose hitherto neglected position had left them entirely unqualified for the task—they would have made excellent steeds in the team which was intended to give momentum to the Society's car of triumph, but as coachmen, they were utterly incognisant of the laws of the road, and quite as unskilled as Phaeton in the tactics of driving. A schism also arose between the vocal members and their instrumental brethren—the former considering, that according to usage, (everywhere, save at the Philharmonic,) vocal music should form the staple of the concerts—and the latter, in emulation of the Philharmonic, and eager to maintain the new impulse given to orchestral composition, looking with indifference and contempt upon every piece or score, that was couched in less than sixteen staves on the several pages of half a quire of paper. The rule

admitting the performance of works, by native musicians not members of the Society, was conceded to repel the absurd newspaper charge of vanity, imputed to the institution for the exclusive adoption of its own productions; but it diminished rather than strengthened the interest of the concerts, for though scarcely a dozen pieces were ever made available, and none of any importance, it provoked pretended comparisons, (which, of course, were odious,) and gave the easily discontented occasion to complain that more liberal selections had not been made. But the crowning weakness, or folly, was a still later piece of legislation, which admitted and recommended the induction of foreign compositions into future programmes—a law, which though never brought into operation, was a tacit confession of the incompetence ascribed to the Society by its accumulated opponents, and went to destroy the foundation-stone upon which the institution had been established and raised—if the public want to hear German symphonies, and Italian cavatinas, there are abundant opportunities elsewhere, but where can the native attempter at such matters wedge his way amongst the admitted crowd of foreigners, admitted because they are foreign, and for no other reason, and why should he give place to any in an institution professedly created for the encouragement of indigenous art alone? The great masters need no assistance, it is theirs to afford it; if the British musicians cannot exist without that assistance, then is their “occupation gone.”

But why awaken old wounds? it is every one's nobler and pleasanter duty to administer anodynes and gather antidotes. Let the Society of British Musicians put on their stoutest buskins and gauntlets, and go herborising some of these fine, autumnal mornings, heedless of the impertinent thistle, the insidious nettle, and the obstinate bramble—they will find remedies and alteratives, and tonics in abundance, if they will but cull them; and they will secure a vigorous future if they do but medicine themselves with the mingled physic of the present and the past—their own experience-taught better capability. It is true their numbers are considerably diminished; but we are rather inclined to think this an advantage, since what may be deemed the farina of the society has been thereby winnowed and concentrated—they still enroll some few of the wiser Nestors amongst

them, (Mr. Potter, and Sir George Smart, for instance, all honour be to them for their adherence!) and nearly all the young talent of the art is to be found in their ranks—let them shake off the cobweb incumbrances and sleepiness that has crept over them through inaction—let them give concerts like their earlier ones in material, nay, let them repeat their original programmes, improved by an orchestre accustomed to each other and to their work, and rendered doubly effective by the control of one efficient conductor—moreover, let the prices of their tickets be moderate as they were wont to be—let them persevere in the artistical struggle for their own and their country's honour, and thus not alone entitle themselves to the support of the general public, for that public will teach the proud and the wealthy to honour their merits, and find the way to their doors.

C.

NEWCASTLE FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MONDAY, Sept. 26.—There has been a capital rehearsal to-day, and great hope and promise for to-morrow. The band is numerous and effective, much more so than the good people of these northern latitudes have had any acquaintance with for a very long time, if ever. F. Cramer, Loder, H. Hayward, Wagstaff, Jay, Reeve, J. Loder, Abbott, Lindley, Howell, Carte, G. Cooke, Keating, Lazarus, Bowley, Baumann, Tully, Jarrett, Rae, Harper, Smithies, and Chipp are here—with the two Camidge's from York, Dewar and Stewart from Edinburgh, and a host of unusually strong provincial instrumentalists, culled from the neighbouring towns, presenting altogether a very formidable phalanx of talent. Mesdames Caradori, Birch, Hawes, Pyne, and L. Pyne, Messrs. Hobbs, Ashton, Machin, and H. Phillips, are the vocal leaders; the chorus, amounting to upwards of 160, comprises the *élite* of several provincial choral societies, and a few of the stoutest voices of the London professional choralists, under the marshmanship of Mr. Harrison. Mr. Ions is at the organ, and the veteran Sir George is on his own dear hobby, the commander-in-chief's charger, with an eye and an ear to and for every thing connected with the coming campaign.

St. Nicholas' church is well arranged and fitted up for the purpose, the festival owing its origin to the worthy vicar, the Rev. R. C. Coxe, who with an admirable taste for the art, and a more liberal spirit than that of his predecessor, has been mainly instrumental in reviving the Newcastle meeting,

which has been dormant during eighteen years, through the refusal of the late incumbent to permit musical performances in the church. The theatre is a pleasant little building, about the size of St. James' in London, but with a far more capacious gallery—it is also commodiously fitted up for the occasion. The town is filling very fast, and every thing wears an aspect of pleasurable anticipation.

TUESDAY, Sept. 27.—There was much stir throughout the town at an early hour this morning, and towards eleven o'clock a balloon traveller might have fancied a whirlpool beneath him with the church for its centre, for every vehicle and person seemed resistlessly impelled towards the vortex. The attendance was, however, by no means so numerous as might have been expected, which is no uncommon occurrence on the first day of a festival, but the performance was in every way commensurate and satisfactory.

The indefatigable and perennial Sir George was, as ever, early at his post, and precisely at eleven, the majestic introduction of the “Dettingen Te Deum” burst forth like a flood of golden light from the orchestre—the chorus was in excellent *timbre*, and Miss Hawes sang the solo in her impressive wont. The hymn for the Prince of Wales, to Haydn's “God save the Emperor,” was capitally given and encored. Miss Birch sang “Angels ever bright and fair” most charmingly, and was encored, in which I should have heartily concurred, but for the very tasteless, and un-Handelian cadence with which she thought proper, as usual with her, to inflict us. Mr. H. Phillips, accompanied by Mr. Baumann, was very successful in Stevenson's fine song, “The snares of death.” Haydn's magnificent chorus, “The arm of the Lord,” concluded the first part, and satisfactorily proved the excellent drilling of the choir.

A selection from “St. Paul” formed the second part, in which all the best pieces were given in the best possible manner—the overture was capitally played—the chorus, “Sleepers awake,” produced a great sensation—and Miss Birch's “O Jerusalem,” and Phillip's “Oh God have mercy,” were received with merited approbation.

Mr. Hobbs commenced the third part with the glorious sung from “Joshua”—“Glory to God,” which he sang superbly, and the accompaniment of Harper and Jarrett produced a fine effect. A lovely quartett of Mozart, “Praise Jehovah,” was finely given by the Misses Pyne, Mr. Ashton, Mr. Machin, and chorus—and a few pieces from “The Mount of Olives,” with the sublime “Hallelujah,” closed the first performance. I forgot to say, that Madame Caradori was encored in “Let the bright seraphim,” which, to my thinking, should

have been trusted to Miss Birch, as though very correctly given, it was obviously too great a fatigue for Madame, whose delicious voice (alas, for all mundane glories,) is not so vigorous as it is remembered to have been.

TUESDAY EVENING.—The theatre this evening was but thinly attended, though the company presented a very elegant and animated appearance—this lack of numbers cast a coldness over the No. 8 symphony of Haydn, which was nevertheless capitally played. The audience warmed as the performance proceeded, the applause increased, and the encores were numerous—Callcott's "With sighs, sweet Rose," was beautifully sung, and deserved it—Phillip's "Lake of Killarney," ditto—Miss Hawes' ballad, ditto—"Gioviette che Fate" by Caradori and Phillips, very loudly, and enthusiastically ditto—the cantata of "Alexis," by Mr. Hobbs, with Lindley's accompaniment, ditto, ditto, (this was the greatest favourite of the evening)—"I know a bank," by the two Pyne's, charmingly sung, especially by the junior, who has made herself a great and deserving favourite here, ditto—and Madame Caradori's consecration of Scotch ballads, the latter "The Piper," given with exquisite sweetness and naïveté, ditto. In addition to these, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer night's dream" was well played, but evidently not understood by the audience, who have yet to learn the just appreciation of instrumental music of so poetical and elaborate a character. We also had the "Macbeth music," superbly rendered by Misses Birch, Pyne, and Hawes—Messrs. Phillips, Ashton, Machin, and chorus—"Tanti Affetti," and "Mad Bess," by Miss Birch, very well sung, but unfortunately placed in the programme—and the "Wanderer," by Machin, which his best friends will not advise him to sing again. Mr. Hayward, the violinist, played a reminiscent *Pot Pouri*, from Paganini, with surprising dexterity, vigour, and brilliance—he has evidently all the gold of his art, which he would do well to pass through the refiner's crucible—a few months' practice with the violinists of the Conservatoire, or with De Beriot, would show him how to make the best use of the sterling talent he possesses. The "Fidelio" overture went splendidly, and brought this very fine concert to a glorious close.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 28.—The church was well filled this morning, a vast accession of the neighbouring nobility and gentry having found their way thither, many lamenting that they had not been present yesterday. The attraction was great, and but that the mincing up of numerous first rate works to form one replete whole, is a practice obnoxious to good taste, I should be

inclined to award the highest commendation to this day's doings, above all that has preceded. We had the first act of the "Creation," the whole of the "Stabat," nine pieces from "Israel in Egypt," and numerous other selections—however excellent the matter and the manner, the quantity was naturally palling—it is surprising this was not foreseen.

Mr. Machin delivered the opening of the "Creation" in a style of earnest and distinct declamation, entitling him to very high praise.—Caradori's "With verdure clad" was just the performance which she can accomplish with ease and without fear of rivalry. A chorus of Himmel "Hark the angel voice" commenced the second part—it is a very pleasing composition, and was admirably sung. Miss Hawes sang "Pious orgies" with great devotional fervour, but was evidently unwell. The "Benedictus" from the "Requiem" was beautifully rendered by Caradori, Hawes, Hobbs, and Phillips. The "Stabat" went very well with its new English words, which have been well selected and adapted, principally from the church liturgy—the Misses Pyne sang the duet better than I heard it at the opera; and Machin was very effective in number five, the solo and chorus without accompaniment—Miss Birch was not at all at home in the cavatina, and Madame Caradori still less so in the grand aria, each of which had been better given had the ladies changed places. The chorus from the Censer commenced the third part gloriously. Miss Birch sang, "From Mighty Kings" as you have heard her many a time and oft. Mr. Hobbs sang Beethoven's prayer, "Opprest with grief," in very excellent style, as did Phillips the song from "Palestine," "Ye guardian saints," which was cleverly accompanied on the harp and trumpet by Chipp and Harper. Phillips and Machin gave "The Lord is a man of war," and Miss Birch "Sing ye," with great fervour and effect, and the whole of the choruses throughout this long and arduous day's work were given with a power, light and shade, and oneness, entitling the choir to the very highest praise.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The theatre was well attended to-night, and presented a very brilliant display. The performance commenced with Mozart's E flat symphony admirably played, and well appreciated by all present. Madame Caradori was quite herself, and sang "Voi che Sapete" with all that tenderness and finish which her very frequent repetitions of it have made familiar to her southern friends. Lindley was to have played a concerto, but Mr. Hedgley, the copyist, was at fault, for the parts were not forthcoming; however, the omission brought its own acceptable apology in the substitution of a corelli trio

with Messrs. Jay and Howell—and merry faced Lindley took his accustomed pinch of snuff amid the cheers of his audience. Madame Caradori, the sisters Pyne, Messrs. Hobbs, Machin, and Phillips gave us the delicious "Dove Son," with great gusto—and Miss Hawes was as usual successful in her ballads.

The "Berggeist" overture was given with great spirit—Beethoven's Septet was scarcely so fortunate, the violin part seeming to be an overmatch for its representative. Dibdin's "Sailor's Journal" by Phillips, was highly relished, and the "British Anchor," by Machin, pleased a large majority, as might have been expected in this maritime town. The pleasant female trio, from the "Matrimonio," also obtained great applause and deserved it. The Madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees" was nicely got through, and the always fresh "Zauberflöte" overture sent every body home with a gay and fragrant nosegay for their nightcaps, or at least for their dreams.

THURSDAY MORNING, Sept. 29.—This was the crowning effort of the Festival—the church was thronged to its full capability, and the presence of the Duke of Cambridge, who came over from Lord Londonderry's seat, where he has lately been an honoured guest, gave an additional zest to the occasion. His Royal Highness was accompanied by a numerous suite of distinguished persons, including many ladies, and the display of northern beauty throughout the church was particularly conspicuous and delightful.

The "Messiah" was performed entire, with Mozart's accompaniments, and it is but justice to say, that it was executed in the most excellent and satisfactory way by all engaged in it—indeed, I am not quite sure that it has ever been so perfectly executed out of London, and such is the general opinion. I can make no exceptions as to the just title of all the principals to the high commendation they received, and it would be difficult as invidious to select one person or piece as having been more perfect or deserving than the rest—the choruses were in the best possible trim—the "Hallelujah" was an effort mingling the beautiful and the sublime, and inspiring every one present with feelings of gratitude, devotion, and delight, which music alone could have awakened—the Duke, who is by no means a silent auditor, was heard to declare, that the whole performance was above praise; and I question if the good people of Newcastle will ever forget the impression this day created.

The performance began half an hour later than yesterday, the Duke having to travel several miles—but he is an excellent timeist, and was here several minutes before the arranged time for commencement.

THURSDAY EVENING.—The theatre presented a bumper this evening—the best proof that the previous performances have not disappointed, nor worn out the public. The magnificent C minor of Beethoven commenced the entertainment, and fairly startled the ears and fancies of the audience, and roused them to the highest grade of pleasurable excitement. Baumann played a bassoon solo, and Hayward another violin piece, each eliciting loud and continued applause. Weber's "Euryanthe" kept up the instrumental spirit, and the exertions of the vocalists were emulative, and not less triumphant. The gems of the night were Bishop's "Blow gentle gales," delightfully sung by Misses Birch and Hawes—Messrs. Hobbs, Ashton, and Machin—Phillips's, "Haste the nymph"—Rode's air and variations by Miss Birch—"Adelaide," very well sung by Hobbs, and accompanied by Sir George—"Lo here the gentle lark," by Miss Birch, charmingly accompanied by Carte—"Night's lingering shades," by Misses Birch, Pyne, and Hawes—Miss Hawes's, "Oh, chide me not"—Gems enough, surely, to constitute a brilliant concert. There was a general and loud call for Lindley's concerto, but as there were no parts, there could be no whole, so the company reluctantly excused the omission—and the National Anthem, by the whole orchestra, and a large number of the audience, wound up this capital northern festival in a truly royal and loyal manner.

FRIDAY, Sept. 30.—I have conversed with a great number of the respectable towns people, and those influential in the revival of grand musical celebrations here, and the universal opinion is, that nothing at all equal to the performances at the present meeting has ever been accomplished or even attempted in this part of the kingdom. I regret to find that the receipts are likely to fall short of the expenses, somewhere about £500—but as the guarantee fund has been collected in five pound subscriptions, to a much larger amount, there has not been a single murmur on that subject; every one cheerfully and hopefully feeling the conviction that the present is but the experimental forerunner of a still more delightful and profitable future.—Amongst the general and deserved praise bestowed on the several artists engaged, the highest has been awarded to Sir George Smart, who so readily entered the views of the Festival Committee, and whose ability, zeal, and experience have so mainly contributed to the success of each performance, and to the satisfaction of all parties.

There is a grand fancy ball at the Assembly Rooms to night, which is expected to contribute largely to the amount of receipts. I should tell you that there have been no

collections at the church doors as at Worcester, or the said amount would certainly have presented a far more dazzling aspect.

J. R.

BEETHOVEN'S PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

ALTHOUGH an acquaintance with the works of Beethoven has of late years become more general, yet there are very many who know nothing of his greatest efforts, many who, affecting a love for music, live in ignorance of his splendid symphonies. It is principally for the sake of this class of persons that these remarks have been written, with a view to directing their attention to one of the most noble offerings of genius ever given to the world.

The design of the pastoral symphony is singularly clear and dramatic. A person of good taste and imagination might arrange a pantomimic representation of the *story* it contains, to which the music would make an appropriate accompaniment. It can hardly be said whether such an experiment would be attended with success, but a similar process does certainly take place in the mind of a person of any fancy at all, who hears this symphony played; that is to say, the effect of the music is such as to conjure up in his mind scenes and actions, varied according to the extent of the imagination on which it acts. This style is in Germany called "picture music," and from its having been greatly abused by men of inferior genius, is regarded by some, with indifference and contempt. But these should bear in mind, that it is the beauty and elevation of the style which has caused the failure, the fault of which rests solely with those who have so rashly attempted.

The title of the first movement or "Allergro" of the "Pastoral" is thus given:—"Pleasant sensations experienced on beholding a beautiful prospect."—As this proposes to illustrate feelings rather than realities, it is by far the most difficult *movement* to describe, as the effect it produces on various hearers is widely different. Suffice it to say, that it requires but little exertion of the imagination to transport yourself to the green fields of the country, to fancy you see the herds of cattle and hear the various pastoral sounds which animate a beautiful landscape, with the sun bursting forth in all its splendour; in short to have excited in your breast those feelings which country scenes continually produce.

The "Andante" in twelve-eight time is intended to depict a scene by a rivulet. One great beauty in this movement is the accompaniment, which representing accurately the bubbling and murmuring of a stream, is continually kept up without fatiguing the hearer. It is hardly necessary to say that the most profound science

has been used in conducting this through the various modulations so as to make it in itself interesting. The principal subject is an exquisite gem, which, after being worked up in masterly style, concludes with interspersed notes from the cuckoo and the quail, so skilfully introduced as to form a necessary part of the melody.

A "rustic dance" forms the theme of the "Scherzo." A troop of joyous peasants trip in a lively melody which, by changing its key suddenly, also indicates the arrival of a similar party from an opposite direction. At the "*forte*" both evidently join in a glad some chorus, which is succeeded by a dance to village music; the latter admirably imitated by the composer. This gaiety is interrupted by a storm, and we may fancy the hurried flight of the group by the confused manner in which the original melody is repeated. The "Storm" itself follows. No description can do any justice to this magnificent conception. We will then, passing it over, allude to the exquisite manner in which the dying away of the wind is made to lead into the subject of

The Finale, "The peasants' Hymn of Gratitude at deliverance from the effects of the Storm." This is a melody which the ultra-sanctified would perhaps consider too light in its movement and construction for a "hymn." But Beethoven, casting off the drawl of the conventicle, has given us music expressing the devotion of the heart, music which it is impossible to hear without being touched. And with the best taste and feeling he has in this symphony made religion and gratitude to God his climax, increasing towards the conclusion in earnestness and fervour.

This work is no less admirable as a musical composition. It would require far abler hands than these to point out the innumerable beauties it presents to the amateur and the scholar. And how interesting would such a notice be, if penned by one of the many talented and enthusiastic musicians of which this country can now boast. Let us hope that a future number of the Estimator may have the "Pastoral" for its subject.

B.

MANAGERIAL COMPLIMENT.—A violinist of the name of Richards, a man of extreme vanity, but of very limited abilities, led the band at Drury Lane in the time of Garrick. Feeling hurt that the great actor had never once praised his performance, he one day, in company, ventured to address him with, "Though, sir, you are flattered so much, you never yourself condescend to flatter any one." "No, sir," replied Garrick, "not even you. But, instead of flattery, accept my sincerity; for, in the hearing of this good company, I pronounce you to be—a regular rude, rough, rugged rasper."

WIND INSTRUMENTS.—Musical tones are produced by the combustion of hydrogen gas in tubes of different diameters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. C. CLARKE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I beg to assure you that the paragraph headed "Mr. C. Clarke" published in the "Musical World" dated Sept. 22d, is absolutely untrue in every particular.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient,
CHARLES CLARKE.

Worcester, Sept. 29th, 1842.

We cheerfully give place to the above, and are only surprised Mr. Clarke has not thought it worth his while to enter more fully into the refutation of the rumours to his prejudice which we verily believe to be unjust and unfounded.

ED. M. W.

BEETHOVEN'S MONUMENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the papers, that the king and court of Bavaria were at the festivity of the inauguration of Mozart's statue at Salzburg, which took place with great pomp, on September 5th. Some four or five years back I subscribed five pounds towards a memorial to Beethoven, to be erected at Bonn upon the Rhine, or Vienna. How is it that he, who, put into one scale, would weigh up all the composers that ever lived, should be so neglected, that his honours do not precede those of Mozart? Mr. Editor, you will oblige me to inquire into this matter.

I am, Sir,
Your obliged,
WILLIAM GARDINER.

Leicester, Sept. 26th, 1842.

We have made inquiry, and are enabled to state, that the monument of Beethoven is at last put in hand; it will take a considerable time to complete the execution of it, but the great composer, his friends and lovers, have no very just reason to complain, since Mozart's is but just erected, at the expiration of half a century, which has been made more worth living in by the light, and warmth, and poetry, and eternal florescence, which his genius bequeathed it—moreover, though we are loth to differ with our much esteemed correspondent, we must think, as true worshippers of the immaculate of high art, the precedence is, in every respect, due to the latter. We shall hope, ere long, to afford some satisfactory details of the Beethoven statue.—ED. M. W.

COUNTRY PROFESSORS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I was pleased with the hint thrown out in the letter of your Brighton correspondent some weeks back that country professors should send you an account of the musical movements in their respective locality. But, Sir, I regret exceedingly to say, that discord rather than harmony is the ruling passion among these gentlemen in the provinces. When one advertises a concert, a second will, if he possibly can, start a march upon him, and announce another to take place previously, purely out of spite, or a spirit of—what shall I call it?—but of the twelve months in the year, my vocation is to travel nine, into the east, west, north, and south; and, sorry am I to state, that such is the spirit of opposition reigning among country professors, that scarcely two in any

town can be found to move *con amore*. Do, Mr. Editor, use your influential and powerful pen, and point out to these ought-to-be-harmonious brethren, the folly of moving in contrary motion, and running counter to one another, instead of keeping the even tenor of their way, and beg them never lend themselves to base purposes, for, by doing so, instead of doubling their incomes, they will *treble* their trouble and wretchedness.

Yours, &c.

Regent St. Sept. 29, 1842. A TRAVELLER.

We would use our pen as a lancet could we dissipate ill-blood—we would prefer to make it a talisman for the infusion of true brotherly feelings—we would scatter our ink as a charmed shower, alike upon all; and when dealing reprobation, would fain have the drops so changed by the properties of those upon whom they fall, that the generous should glitter with spangles, and the malicious and uncharitable be covered with blots. We are constant and earnest in our humble endeavours to bring about a millennium amongst the children of harmony—be they scribes, pharisees, or publicans—our correspondent's revelation seems to add mountains to our herculean labour, but we have stout nerves and are inflexible of purpose—moreover, we have faith in the natural impulses of humanity and the clearer perceptions of the age; and we do not despair to witness, in no distant futurity, a better and happier state of things amongst all men, artists especially.

ED. M. W.

WORCESTER CHORAL BRIGADE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR MR. MUSICAL WORLD.—My husband was one of the "six-pounders" sent down to Worcester, at the late musical riots; where, I understand, he went off very well, and did some execution, making the people run very far, and very fast; nevertheless, though I am very much obliged to you for blowing him up, he don't like his name in your paper at all, that's evident.

Yours, &c.

THE WIFE OF A "BASS."

Sept. 30th, 1842.

P.S. He is always telling me he is a "Bass," so I suppose he is—but I was undutiful enough to imagine, while he was at Worcester, that he must mean a "Bass" without the B.

Our fair Double Bass, who proves herself a veritable *Contra Basso*, entirely mistakes our meaning and intention, and not less misunderstands her sonorous partner—for ourselves, we possess too little gunpowder for blowing up, and greatly prefer an occasional squib, or cracker, to the most magnanimous explosion in the World. With respect to our lady friend's liege lord, we are quite sure that notoriety alone can satisfy him for the great loss of time, and fatigue, and trouble, it must have cost him to spatter his random small shot, and supplant the point blank guns of the legitimate artillery—moreover, we are inclined to think, the worthy Bass might have intended another literal *double entendre*, when he went to Worcester; since the insertion of a letter

after the B, would make the title equally applicable to his merits—however, we earnestly advise our fair correspondent, and all her fellow-sufferers, if they cannot comb the elongated ears of their mates, or trim them into reasonable fashion, to set their brighter wits to work for the construction of a conubial night-cap, that may cover both ears and foreheads, and thereby prevent future exposure.—ED. M. W.

WILHEM v. J. BENNETT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your "World" of 15th instant, you notice Mr. J. Bennett's new (?) system, and as your concluding observations imply that the Wilhem system does not contemplate the performance of "intricate" concerted music, I feel bound to correct your misimpression, for I assure you I find it adequate to every necessity. I have a large class of ladies who are effectually practising on that plan (*as adapted by myself*) the best and most intricate music of the English, Italian, and Latin schools, and as this has been in successful progress, above three months, I think I am justified in stating that the Wilhem and Hullah system and my adaptation of it, have anticipated Mr. Bennett in the objects he contemplates.

I am Sir, yours obediently,
W. BINFIELD.

Cheltenham. Sep. 28th, 1842.

We have been greatly misunderstood, if our observations have been construed to infer anything in derogation of the Wilhem system—all we have stated on the subject of Mr. Bennett's plan goes but to approve the simplification of the hitherto tedious modes of instruction, in whatever shape such simplification may be presented to the public—whether the Bennett or the Wilhem road presents the shorter cut, experience alone can determine, but that they both conduct towards the same terminus, the accomplishment of music readers, is quite certain; and having satisfactorily ascertained this much, we freely award our meed of laudation to Mr. Bennett, as we do to Mr. Binfield, or any other professor who lends his energy to impel the stream of improvement, in preference to raising barriers or casting insidious impediments in its course.

ED. M. W.

MUSICAL AMATEURS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I am much pleased with your sensible and very just remarks on the Ancient Concerts, and more so, if possible, with those on musical amateurs and singers. This you will say is natural, when I tell you I am an amateur myself, and have bestowed such attention as an amateur could do to the science for thirty years. It was with no small pleasure, therefore, that in addition to the decided improvements which have been made in other respects, that I saw the government at last was disposed to assist in the diffusion of musical knowledge and taste among the people generally. It mattered not at all to me, whether this diffusion was to be by Mr. Hullah or any one else, so that it took place under a competent person, and such I believe Mr. Hullah to be. The observations of *Cymro* are also quite

correct—professors, instead of “sticking” up their backs against popular instructors, and popular instructions, are, of all men, the most interested in their success, for precisely as a taste for music is diffused will the profession flourish, very much good is, I know from my own observations, doing in schools where children are taught in classes the elements of music, and the seed of a future crop is thus sown “broadcast.” The compositions of the present day are very superior, and infinitely better executed, than those of thirty years ago, in the theatre and concert-room, and even down to the common military band; but with all this, much remains to be done, to render a knowledge and taste for good music general. Unfortunately, the Anglican Church is not musical, and Dissenters are absolutely opposed to it. I do not mean that either prohibit music or singing, but a determination exists to prevent it from being more than of a very humble and mediocre description. This remark applies to town or country, to the church or chapel, and consequently, if a knowledge of music could be made generally a part of education, there is no place for its display except, as at present, the theatre, the concert-room, and occasionally an oratorio. But what a vast impetus would be given to it, were the church to establish choirs—“as old old.” How many thousands of good singers might be formed. We might then hope to have native operas worthy of the name, for church music is the best school for the formation of sound singers and pure composition, and unless patronized more than at present by the church, I fear that neither will take root or flourish, as I, as an amateur, and you as their advocate desire.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Brighton, Sept. 1842.

Peto.

Our correspondent remarks shrewdly—for the sake of music itself, waiving all distinctions of sanctity or secularism, it were much to be wished that she had her original and legitimate place in our devotional rites; but we much fear our very orthodox friends will be seized with an ague, at the “naughty” notion of the church becoming a school for native operas, especially after the absurd horror at the operatic style of the “Stabat Mater,” and other pharisaical nonsense. We do not despair of having a choir in every parish church, and an opera in every county town, yet; and long before the discovery of the perpetual motion, the philosopher’s stone, the sliding scale, discharge of the national debt, and a few other somewhat difficult desideratas.

—Ed. M. W.

BEETHOVEN’S WORKS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—You have always shown yourself ready to expose unfair dealing, and I beg to place before you a very strong case of it.—A short time since an eminent house advertised a new edition of Beethoven’s works, to be edited by Mr. Moscheles. Imagine my surprise on comparing their “corrected copy” of a sonata with an older one published by Messrs. Cocks & Co., to find that the very same plates had been used in both cases, and the very same errors (and those not a few) existed in both editions—verbum sap.

Yours,

H. WALKER.

We have looked through the sonata in question, and regret to find that it is by no means so perfect as it ought to be—however, the errors are such as

a musician would easily detect, being very obvious, and evidently carelessnesses of the engraver—the plates have seen their best days, being those originally the property of Clementi and Co., and certainly not those used by Mr. Cocks—we recommend Mr. Moscheles and his publishers to revise their edition, and for their own credit’s sake, to give us a new one—Beethoven merits this, and we are persuaded there is no lack of spirit or inclination in the parties to render him justice.

Ed. M. W.

REVIEW.

“The Brightness of summer is o’er”—ballad.

“When do Fairies visit earth”—ballad,
W. Goodwin. Goodwin.

SIMPLE, unaffected, and agreeable trifles, aiming at little, but accomplishing that little gracefully. There is a feeling of the old English melodies, about the latter especially, which is anything but unwelcome to us. The accompaniments are easy and well written.

“Accept this Gift”—ballad—Carlo Minasi.

Jefferys and Nelson.

AN elegant trifle, accompanied very gracefully and appropriately, one or two immaterial points might be altered for the better, but on the whole we may pronounce this ballad one of the least objectionable we have met for some time past.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Metropolitan.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Another great national musical triumph has been achieved by the triumphant production of Rossini’s “Semiramide,” an opera presenting far more obstacles to success on the English stage, and far greater difficulties to encounter, than almost any in the whole range of the Italian repertoire. A few years back, the notion would have been Quixotic, and the attempt utterly scouted, by managers tenacious of keeping at a respectable distance from the two great mansions in St. George’s Fields—Bedlam, and the Bench; thanks, however, to the irrepressible talent of the country, and the growing taste for music amongst the many, which must eventually crush, if it do not convert the prejudice of the few—thanks to the awakened spirit and enlarged views of a management, the first in this country that has felt or taken an interest in music, and had the means, as well as the desire, to do it justice—thanks to these, and other concurring causes of less import, we are now enabled to rebut the sarcasms long levelled at us from one end of Europe to the other, to laugh to scorn the sneers at our presumed unmusical capability, in certain high places at home, and to point with a pride which has nothing to do with vanity, to the performance of Saturday last, as a satisfying

answer to all that has been said, and written, and insisted upon, and submitted to, on the subject. We have long felt and known that there was plenty of executorial stuff amongst us for the adequate support of an operatic establishment on a grand scale, if that material could be garnered up, and fashioned, and mechanised for the purpose—Mr. Charles Kemble has realized all we have asserted and hoped for, by devoting the resources and energies of Covent Garden to the inspiring endeavour; and people may now wonder why the experiment has been so long retarded. The production of “Semiramide” in its English dress, taken as a whole—its adequate support by the principal singers—its picturesque and intelligent action—its careful and correct musical getting up—its superb scenery and costly decorations—and its tasteful and appropriate *mise en scene* presents, not only a most creditable and glorious specimen of artistical progress in this country, but is, in fact, a far more perfect and suitable homage to the genius of Rossini, than the musical and monied wealth of the Italian Opera House has ever yet displayed, or is likely to be ever there accomplished. Her Majesty’s Theatre has boasted the possession of surpassing talent for the due rendering of one or more of the characters, and some portions of the opera have been occasionally surpassingly executed; but at Covent Garden all is superior, much of the very highest quality, and the *ensemble* complete. We confess we trembled for Miss Kemble in her assumption of the most harrassing of all Italian opera roles—one requiring, over and above the highest style of musical cultivation, impassioned declamation, and the tact and grace of a finished actress, a physical power, but rarely falling to the lot of a female vocalist gifted with a delicate organ; but we quitted the theatre on Saturday, and again on Tuesday evening, convinced that the enthusiasm of high art can accomplish semi-miracles; and though the lady has obviously suffered by the wear and tear of her late summer campaign, yet she still justifies her claim to the title of the first (and veritable) Prima Donna of the English stage.

Mrs. Alfred Shaw, who debuted on this occasion, was formerly Miss Postans, a promising pupil of the Royal Academy; she returns to us now, after several years absence and sedulous practice in Italy, in the very prime and pride of her beautiful voice, and with a bright and clear Italian polish, which renders her the most perfect and legitimate contralto singer that has been heard in England for a long lapse of years—her compass is extensive, and throughout equable and mellifluous—her register is singularly perfect, her intonation correct to a nicety—her execution

brilliant without redundancy—her action graceful—her figure well appropriated to the line of characters she is likely to assume—her verbal articulation distinct and understandable to a marvel—with such superior qualities and qualifications, it will be readily conceived that her performance of Arsace was very close upon perfection; and if she will imbibe a little of the energy and vitality of her gifted sister songstress, Miss Kemble, she may safely count upon a most distinguished and prosperous career. Mr. Giubelei performed the arduous part of Assur in a very capital style, and was scarcely inferior to some who have enjoyed a loftier reputation and more flattering acceptance. A Mr. Travers performed the part of *Idreno* very creditably—a neighbour complained that Mr. Harrison should have been permitted to keep aloof, but we were thankful for the present arrangements. Mr. Leffler in *Oroe* was not quite at home, but his performance was nevertheless satisfactory.

Of the pieces most deserving of applause and praise, we may mention Arsace's recitative and song, "Once more I enter thy gates, O Babylon"—Semiramide's cavatina, "At length a flattering ray" (Bel Raggio)—the duet of Arsace and Assur, "Bright lovely image" (Bella Imago)—the duet of Semiramide and Assur in the second act—the duet of Semiramide and Arsace, always a gem, and not less worthy to be valued now—the chorus in the last scene—the prayer of Semiramide—and the final Mozartish trio.

All praise is due to Mr. Benedict for his arrangements and conduct, Mr. Tully for his successful chorus drilling, to the band for their admirable accompaniment, to the getter up of the spectacle, and to the several artists of the establishment—yet, with all this union of success, we much fear a continued popularity will not be achieved for Semiramide; the story of which is scarcely to be understood without the aid of an argument, or interpreter; and if understood, is of a character not entirely relishable by us in these days. We must regret that so much talent and cost have not been devoted to some native production, more in keeping with the feelings and domestic natures of Englishmen; and we still hope that Miss Kemble will be permitted to illustrate, at least, one production of indigenous growth, ere we are doomed to lose her for ever.

Provincial.

Tonbridge, Oct. 3.

Mr. Cullum, the talented organist of this place, gave an excellent concert at the Town hall this morning, which was well attended, and very effective, considering the size and incommensurateness of the apartment. Mr. Cullum played Reissiger's fifth grand trio, with Mr. Oury, Mr. W. L. Phillips, and (contrabasso ad lib.) Mr. G. Perkins—the execution of this piece merited very high praise, and was

justly appreciated by the audience, notwithstanding its somewhat over length, and consequent tediousness. Mr. W. L. Phillips played a violoncello solo, and proved himself a worthy scholar of Lindley. Mr. Hopkins executed Thalberg's "La Straniera" extremely well, and with an unusually light touch for an organist. Mr. Oury, formerly, and for several seasons, leader of the ballet and solo violin at her Majesty's Theatre, performed an "Andante," and "Rondo," in a style of excellence scarcely equalled by any violinist in this country. Mr. Oury is a perfect master of his instrument—his execution is of the most brilliant character, his power and delicacy supreme, and best of all, his musical tact and feeling teach him to combine and display these artistical qualities in the production of the most fascinating contrasts and impassioned effects—it is scarcely necessary to say, his solo was greeted with long and universal applause. Miss Dolby sang Schubert's "Wanderer," and Nelson's pretty cavatina, the "Pearly Deep," winning for each, and for herself, a most gratifying encore. Mr. Winter, a promising young tenor, new to the public, sang in "Native Worth," and Beethoven's "Adelaide," very pleasingly. Messrs. Hill, W. L. Phillips, and G. Perkins, played a corelli trio on tenor, violoncello, and double bass, excellently. A select, but effective band performed Beethoven's symphony in D, and Mozart's Don Giovanni overture, in capital style. Leader, Mr. Oury—Mr. Cullum presided at the piano-forte. This was one of the most charming concerts ever given in Tonbridge—it owes its origin to the princely liberality of Frederick Perkins, Esq., of Chipstead Place—would that England possessed a few more such patrons and supporters of the art.

Miscellaneous.

MUSICAL ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—The council met on Saturday last, to prepare the report, and make arrangements for the annual meeting. Some judicious alterations in the laws of the Society were suggested, and the plates of the works brought forward for the year 1841, were broken up and destroyed; so that the subscribers may rest assured that the marketable value of their several copies will progressively increase rather than diminish.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The first of a series of conversazioni, given by this Society, took place at their rooms, in Berners Street, on Saturday evening; when a numerous company of the members and their friends assembled, and spent a very agreeable evening. Miss Orger, Miss Calkin, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Ferrari, Mr. Willy, Mr. Westropp, Mr. Greaves, Mr. Lucas, &c., performed several choice pieces, vocal and instrumental, with their well-known talent and ability. It is intended that these very pleasant and sociable reunions should take place on alternate Saturdays, throughout the winter months.

READING FESTIVAL.—This spirited enterprise takes place to-day, and it is gratifying to know, that it has every prospect of paramount success.

EXETER HALL.—We are glad to hear that there is a prospect of the Sacred Harmonic Society being enabled to give a series of concerts during the ensuing season at Exeter Hall, notwithstanding the opposition which has been thrown in their way, by *saints*, as well as *sinner*s.

PRINCESS' THEATRE.—Mr. Maddox is now in Paris, engaging a corps de ballet for this theatre.

GENERAL THALBERG will take the field on the first of November, supported by a brigade of flying artillery, including Signor and Madame Ronconi, Mr. John Parry, *etc.*, they are expected to do great execution in the provinces.

Notice to Correspondents.

J. Atkinson, Esq.—Mr. Piggott—their subscriptions are acknowledged with thanks.

Subscriptions due at midsummer are requested to be forwarded to Mr. E. B. Taylor, "Musical World" Office, 3, Coventry Street, Haymarket, by post office order, payable at Charing Cross.

Subscribers are requested to give notice at the office of any irregularity in the delivery of their numbers; also, if it be their wish to discontinue the same, as it will be readily seen that till such wish has been communicated, they will be accountable for the usual amount of subscription.

Correspondents should forward all communications relating to the current number, on or before Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Fish—Is requested to pardon the neglect, which was purely accidental and will not occur again.

A Member of the Professional Choral Society—We have ascertained that the announced engagement of the Society for the "Six Classical Concerts" is correct; and the member is indebted to his truancy for his ignorance—truants deserve to be ignorant, and to remain so.

Jupiter's compliments to J. W. D. have been duly forwarded.

Works received for Review.

Part Singing, by John Hullah, No. 5 Class-A. Merriot's Mulum in Parvo, No. 2—Bannister's Tutor's Assistant for the Violoncello—Afton Water, ballad, Thomas W. Ellis—A Soldier's Life is the Life we Love, song, N. J. Spolie.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VOCAL CLASSES.

CLASSES UPON MR. BENNETT'S SYSTEM of Part and Sight Singing, as expounded in his Public Lectures, are now in course of formation. Class No. 1, for LADIES, will commence on Tuesday, the 18th inst. at twelve o'clock—and a class for GENTLEMEN, the same day, at five o'clock. Tickets, price one guinea and a half, which will admit the bearer to Thirty successive class lessons, to be had of Mr. Bennett, at the Academy, 21, Charlotte Street, Portland Place. A Prospectus, containing regulations, may also be procured as above, and at the various Music Warehouses. Oct. 4th, 1842.

TO MUSICAL SOCIETIES, &c.

WILLIAM GOODWIN, 4, Charles Street, Covent Garden, respectfully informs Professors and Amateurs, giving Concerts, and the Directors of Choral and other Musical Societies, in town and country, that his library contains a very extensive collection of Oratorios, Anthems, and Masses; Operas both Foreign and English, particularly those of Sir H. R. Bishop; Symphonies, Overtures, Waltzes, &c., with numerous duplicate copies for large or small bands, which may be hired on the shortest notice, and the most reasonable terms. Also a large selection of the best Madrigals and Glee; single songs, duets, &c., with or without orchestral accompaniments, and arrangements of pieces, for military and other bands. Foreign strings, music and scoring papers of various patterns, and music books of every size on sale. Music copied in a superior style.

Just Published, COLIN and his PHILLIDA, Madrigal for five voices, composed by G. A. MACFARREN. Also:

Ballad, "THE BRIGHTNESS OF SUMMER IS O'ER." Ditto, "WHEN DO FAIRIES VISIT EARTH?" words by J. B. Hope, music by William Goodwin. Also: "The Pansanger March," by Ditto; many times performed in the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. Is 6d.

WILLIAM GOODWIN, Librarian to the Royal Academy of Music, and Copyist to the Society of British Musicians, Philharmonic, &c., 4, Charles Street, Covent Garden.



THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Rossini's Opera of
SEMIRAMIDE

Will be repeated every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.
This Evening, Thursday October 6th, will
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SEMIRAMIDE.

With entirely new Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations. Semiramide, by Miss A. Kemble; Arsace, by Mrs. Alfred Shaw, from the principal Theatres of Italy, her first appearance on the English stage. Assur, Mr. Giubilei; Oro, Mr. Leffer; Idreno, Mr. Travers; Shade of Ninus, Mr. J. Bland.

To conclude with the Farce of **THE IRISH TUTOR**, Dr. O'Toole, Mr. G. Hodson (his first appearance.)

The New Play, (by the Author of the Provost of Bruges,) entitled **LOVE'S SACRIFICE**, will be repeated every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

On Saturday (fourth time) Rossini's opera of **SEMIRAMIDE.**

After which (for the first time) a new Farce, called **COUSIN LAMBKIN.** The Characters by Mr. Bartley, Mr. Harley, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. W. H. Payne, Miss Cooper, Miss Lee, and Mrs. Humby.

On Monday next will be revived Getry's Opera of **RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION**, as recently produced in Paris, with the additional orchestral accompaniments, by Adolphe Adam. Miss Adelaide Kemble will perform every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until Christmas, when she will finally retire from the stage.

The Box Office in Hart Street is open daily from 10 till 4.

SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

Season 1842.

THE FIRST CONCERT will take place
at the **QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE**, on **WEDNESDAY EVENING, October 26, 1842.**

Principal Vocal Performers.

Miss Birch,
Miss Rainforth, Miss Bassano,
and
Mrs. Alfred Shaw,
(From the principal theatres in Italy.)
Mr. John Parry,

Mr. James Bennett, Mr. Manvers,
Mr. T. Young, Mr. W. H. Weiss,
and
Mr. Henry Phillips.

Instrumental Solo Performers.

Pianoforte, **MADAME DULCKEN**, who will perform a Grand Concerto by Mendelssohn, and Violin, **Mr. J. T. WILLY**, who will execute a Solo, the composition of Mr. Edward Perry.

The Band will be complete in every department, and will count the first Instrumentalists which this country can boast, consisting of 30 violins, 12 violas, 8 violoncellos, 8 contra basses, 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarionets, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, ophicleide, serpent, drums, &c. who will perform Beethoven's celebrated "*Pastoral Symphony*," and Rossini's Overture "*William Tell*."

The Chorus will in every respect be powerful and efficient, consisting of the unrivalled Members of the **LONDON PROFESSIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.**

Leaders of the Band, Messrs. Cramer and Willy. Organ, Mr. Turle. Conductor, Mr. G. F. Harris.

Non-Subscriber's Ticket, 4s., to admit two, 7s.; can be had of all the Musicians throughout the Metropolis.

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The Concert will commence precisely at Eight, and terminate at Eleven. Dress will be strictly observed.

The Committee have much pleasure in announcing, that they have accepted a number of novelties, which will be produced in rapid succession, consisting of Songs, Trios, Quartets, Overtures, and Choruses, the composition of eminent English Artists, and which are already put in active rehearsal.

MELOPHONIC SOCIETY, MUSIC HALL,
Store Street, Bedford Square.

On Friday, October 14, will be performed **ROSSINI'S**

STABAT MATER.

Principal Vocalists, Miss Cubitt, the Misses Williams, Mr. Redfern, and Mr. A. Novello.

Conductor, Mr. Holderness—Leader, Mr. W. Blagrove—Organ, Mr. T. Jolley.

Doors open at seven o'clock. To commence at eight precisely.

Tickets for the body of the Hall, 2s. each; Boxes, 3s. May be had at all the Musicians. T. Savage, Hon. Sec., 213, Tottenham Court Road.

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The whole of the music is in the press.

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